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THE COLDEY SIDE.

y a rest in the road of life, would stop to take it;

Better to hope though the clouds hing low, And to heep the eyes still lifted: For the sweet blue sky will soon peep throw When the ominous clouds rre rifted, There was never a night without a day, Nor an evening without a morning; And the darkest bour, as the proverb goes, Let the hope before the daymen.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
and to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing.
Then to same the deligate.

THE DOCTOR'S BRIDE. BY EMMERSON BENNETT.

"We Doctors sometimes meet with trange adventures," once said to me a distinguished physician, with whom I

was on terms of intimacy.
"I have often thought," I replied "that the secret history of some of your profession, if written out in detail, would make a work of thrilling interest."

"I do not know that I exactly agre into a kind of plot with a kind of denoue-ment, and I doubt not many of us could give you a romance in real life, comprising only what we have seen, which would equal, if not surpass, any thing you have lieve I never told you of the most strange and romantic adventure of my life?"

"You never told me of any of your adventures, Doctor," I replied; "but if you have a story to tell, you will find me whatever frolic, expedient, or undertak-"Very well, then. As I have a few

minutes to spare, I will tell you one more wildly romantic, more incredibly remarkable, if I may so speak, than you probably ever tound in a work of fiction." "I am all attention."

timid and sentimental; and well do I remember the horror I experienced, when one of the senior students, under the pretense of showing me the beauties of the institution, suddenly thrust me into the dissecting room, among several dead awful place, made me the laughing stock of my old companions.

"Ridicule is a hard thing to bear : the coward becomes brave to escape it, and the brave man fears it more than he does ed to be the unearthly wailings of the a belching cannon. I suffered from it till I could hear it no more; and wrought up to a pitch of desperation, I demanded to know what I might do to redeem my character, and gain an honorable footing party had stumbled. "Come, feel round

among my fellow students. "I will tell you," said one, his ey sparkling with mischief; "if you will at exhuming a dead body as you will go at the midnight hour, and dig up a subject, and take it to your room, and remain alone with it till morning, we will let you off, and never say another limb; but the first spad full I threw up, word about your womanly fright.

"I shuddered. It was a fearful altern-ative; but it seemed less terrible to night, would have betrayed us. It ap suffer all the horrors that might be con- peared to me as if I had thrust my spad centrated into a single night, than to panions.

"Where shall I go? and when?" "Where shall I go? and when?" was of the storm the wailings of tortured my timid inquiry; and the very thought spirits, I now fancied I had uncovered a of such an adventure made my blood small portion of the Bottomless Pit itrun cold.

"To the Eastern Cemetery, to-night, at twelve o'clock," replied my tormentor, fixing his keen, black eyes upon me, and allowing his thin lips to curl with a smile of contempt. "But what is the use of asking such a coward as you to perform ject of you! Are you not ashamed of such a manly feat?" he added, deridingly. His words stung me to the quick; and without further reflection, and scarcely aware of what I was saying, I

to you, by performing what you call a be of any assistance to the party, who

"You will go?" he asked, quickly.

"Bravely said, my lad!" he rejoined his expression of contempt for one of surprise and admiration. "Do this, Morris, and the first man that insults you afris, and the first man that insults you af- at the feet, they hurried away, bidding terward makes an enemy of me!

my frame, at the thought of what was pected that the body had been exhumed before me; but I had accepted his challenge in presence of many witnessesfor this conversation occurred as we were leaving the hall, after listening to the horrible business. evening lecture—and I was resolved to make my word good, should it even cost my life; in fact, I knew I could not do back, and make the best of your way to

ing driven in disgrace from the college.

I should here observe, that in those days there were few professional resur-rectionists; and as it was absolutely necessary to have subjects for dissection, the unpleasant business of procuring them devolved upon the student, who, in consequence, watched every funeral eagerly, and calculated the chances of cheating the sexton of his charge and the grave

a poor orphan girl, who had been followed to the grave by very few friends; and this was considered a favorable chance for the party whose turn it was to pro-

bodies of the poorest and humblest—for not unfrequently persons were found on the watch even over these; and only the year before, one student, while at his midnight work, had been mortally them, on any consideration whatever, as wounded by a rife ball; and another, a

women stand around a weak, feverish at the first step.

"Is it expected that I should go alone?" spite of me, while my knees almost I set forward, with trembling nerves, knocked together, and I felt as if my expecting to sink to the ground at every

"I do not know that I exactly agree with you in regard to detail," rejoined my friend; "for we medical men, like be sure to fail altogether. No, we will how I reached my room, I do not every one else, meet with a great deal go with you, some three or four of us, that is common place, and therefore not worthy of being recorded; but grant us then you must take it on your back, in a wild, feverish whirl, with ghostly "No, my friend, no," replied the Doctor.

"Good heavens! You are jesting!"

"No, my friend, no," replied the Doctor.

"Good heavens! You are jesting!" bring it up to your room here, and spend phantoms all about me, as one sometime our characters and scenes, and work them the night alone with it."

saw reflected therein.

ing he was to have a hand in-" Come, poys, it is time to be on the move. A self awake in bed, with a dim consciousglorious night for us?" he added, throwing up the window, and letting in a fierce pened—though what, for some minutes, gust of wind and rain; "the d-l him- I could not for the life of me recollect. self would hardly venture out in such a Gradually, however, the truth dawned

"Twenty-five years ago," pursued the Doctor, "I entered the medical college at F— as a student. I was then quite young, inexperienced and inclined to be timid and sentimental; and well do I remember the horror I avantaged when the little a dark lantern, then threw on his long, heavy cloak, took up a spade, and led the way down stairs; and the room alone with a corpse. The room threw on our cloaks also took each a specific was not dark; and there were a few em-

threw on our cloaks also, took each a spade, and followed him.

We took a roundabout course, to avoid being seen by any citizen that might chance to be stirring, and in something less than half are there also than a spade and there were a few can be spade, and followed him.

And there—on the feor, against the right hand wall, but a few feet from me bodies, and closed the door upon me; less than nair an nour bodies, and closed the door upon me; cemetery, scaling the wall without diffinor do I forget how my screeches of ter-ror, and prayers of release from that awful place made me the languing stock grave, till we found it in the pitchy darkness-the wind and rain sweeping past us with dismal howls and moans, that to me, trembled with terror, seemspirits of the damned.

"Here we are," whispered Benson to me, as we at length stopped at a mound stiffed moan.
of fresh earth, over which one of the "Great Go Morris, and strike in your spade, and let us see it you will make as good a hand some day at killing a living one with

I did as directed, trembling in every I started back with a yell of horror, that into a burning lake of living fire bear, day after day, the jeers of my com-panions. the first dirt was all aglow with living coals; and as I had fancied the meaning

"Fool!" hissed Benson, grasping arm with the gripe of a vice, as I stood leaning on my spade for support, my very teeth chattering with terror; "another yell like that and I'll make a subyourself, to be scared out of your wits, if you evar had any, by a little phospho-rescent earth? Don't you know that it

is often found in graveyards?" His explanation re-assured me, though "I am no coward, sir, as I will prove I was too weak, from my late fright, to again!" all fell to with a will, secretly laughing at me, and soon reached the coffin. Split ting the lid with a batchet, which had been brought for that purpose, they quickly lifted out the corpse; and then me follow, and leaving the others to fill Again I felt a cold shudder pass through up the grave, that it might not be sus-Having got the corpse safely over the walls of the cemetery, Bens. n now call-ed upon me to perform my part of the

otherwise now, without the risk of being driven in disgrace from the college. night. If you do this bravely, we will claim you as one of us to-morrow, and the first man that dares to say a word against your courage after that, shall find a foe in me. But hark you! if you make any blunder on the way, and los our prize, it will be better for you to quit this place before I set eyes on you again.

"Yeeves!" I stammered with tering teeth. "Are you ready!"

just as I have sometimes observed old ing as though I should sink to the earth

patient, and croak out their experiences in seeing awful sufferings and tatal terminations of just such maladies as the one with which their helpless victim was then afflicted.

"Well, you cannot lose your way, if you go straight ahead," he replied. "Keep in the middle of the road, and it will arrectionists all the retake you to College Green, and then you are all right. Come, pash on, before "She certainly held."

fair to send you alone, for one individual mud and water-with the storm howling could not succeed in getting the body about me to fury, and the cold corpse, as

It was some relief to me to find I was But reach my room I did, with my far from agreeable, I assure you; and for Benson and his fellow students, tear- now in death beneath the cold, cold sod," chancing to look into a mirror, as the ing the loss of their subject-which, on added the Doctor, in a tremulous tone, behind me, and were obliged to run at raise her to life again!" top of their speed to keep me within a hailing distance.

The first I remember distinctly, after getting to my room, was the finding myness of something horrible having hap-

-there, sure enough, lay the cold, still ly tace, which to my excited fancy seemed to move. Did it move? I was gazing upon it, thrilled and tascinated with an indiscribable terror, when as sure as I see you now, I saw the lids of the eyes unclose, and saw its breast heave, and saw its breast heave, and heard a low,

"Great God!" I shricked, and back into a swoon. How long I lay unconscious I do no

know; but when I came to myself again, it is a marvel to me that, in my excited state, I did not lose my senses altogether, and become the tenant of a mad house for there-right before me-standing up in its white shrond-with its eves wide open and staring at me, and its f atures thin, hollow, and death-hued-was the corpse I had brought from the cemetery.

"In God's name, avaunt!" I gasped "Go back to your grave, and rest in peace; I will never disturb you again." The large hollow eyes looked more wildly upon me-the head moved-the lips parted-and a voice, in a somewhat

pulchral tone, said: "Where am I? Where am I? Who are you? Which world am I in? Am I living or dead ?"

"You are dead," I gasped, sitting up in bed, and feeling as if my brain would burst with a pressure of unspeakable horror; "you were dead and buried, and I was one of the guilty wretches who this night disturbed you in your peacetul rest. But go back, poor ghost, in Heaven's name! and no nortal power shall ever induce me to come nigh you

"Oh! I feel faint!" said the corpse gradually sinking down upon the floor with a groan. "Where am I!-Oh! where am I?"

"Great God!" I shouted, as the start-

I bounded from my bed, and graspe a hand of the prostrate body. It was not warm-but it was not cold. I put my trembling fingers upon the pulse-Did it beat? or was it the pulse of my fingers? I thrust my band upon the heart. It was warm-there was life there. The breast heaved; she breathed but the eyes were now closed, and the features had the look of death. Still it was a living body-or else I was insane

I sprung to the door, tore it open, and shouted for help:
"Quick! quick!" cried I, "the
alive!—the dead is alive!"

Several of the students, sleet fore, and all knew to what a fe deal I had been subjected.

month or two subsequently, had been rendered a cripple for life by the same means.

I valued my life.

Al! the torturing horror I experience again revived. I ran for a physician, went on she made up her mind that a liar it looked. Nothing seemed to have tions. Tongue could not describe it!

"She did; and turned out to be a mos

beautiful creature, and only sweet sev-"And I supposed she blessed the resurrectionists all the rest of her life!"

"She certainly held one of them is "Is it expected that I should go alone?" your burden grows too heavy; the dis-inquired, in a tone that trembled in tance is a good half mile!" kind remembrance," returned the Doc-tor, with a sigh. tor, with a sigh. "What became of her, Doctor?

"What should have become of her very lips were white.

"Well, no," replied Benson, my most dreaded tormentor; "it would be hardly was soon on the run—splashing through returned my friend, with a peculiar

"Why," said 1, laughing, "she should have turned out to be an heiress, and

married you." "And that is exactly what she did,"

"No, my friend, no," replied the Doctor, in a faltering voice; "that night of horror only preceded the dawn of my happiness; for that girl—sweet, lovely tell fibs. to have company during the first part of dead burden on my back; and I was aimy awful undertaking; but still I felt terwards told that I made wonderful time; and the mother of two boys. She sleeps she might have told him that she hated chancing to look into a mirror, as the ing the loss of their subject—which, on added the Doctor, in a tremulous tone, time drew near for setting out, I fairly the account of the difficulty in getting and brushing a tear from his eye, "and tents and purposes, she had been jilted, of some five weeks old, in glorious white started at beholding the ghastly object I bodies, was very valuable—followed close no human resurrectionists shall ever and women always like to do the jilting christening robes. She nodded and smill

In the State of Rhode Island to the day all farm and other leases date from the day of the ancient new year, name

y, the 25th of March. The ancient divisions of the day differed widely from the customs of our own time.

The Chaldeans, Syrians, Persians and Indians began the day at sunrise, and divided the day and night into four parts. This division of the day into quarters was in use long before the di-

vision into hours. The Chinese, who begin their day at midnight and reckon to the midnight following, divide the interval into twelve hours equal to two of ours and known than I can help the woman from know-

by the name and particular agure.

In Egypt the day was divided into unequal hours. The clock, invented by so contrived as to lengthen or shorten the hours by the flowing of the water. The Greeks divided the natural day

into twelve hours-a practice derived from the Babylonians. The Romans called the time between the rising and the setting sun the natural day, and the tine in the twenty four hours the civil day. They began and ended their civil day at midnight, and took this practice from their ancient laws

long before they had any idea of the dirision into hours. The first sun dial seen at Rome was brought fron Catania, in Sicily, in the first Punic war, as part of the spoils of that city; and after this period they divided the day into twenty-tour hours. An officer called accensus at one time proclaimed the hours, and at the bench of justice announced every three hours

the time of the day.

In the Turkish empire time is recken d by certain portions of the natural day resembling the "watches" of the ancient Jews and Romans. Public clocks not being in use, these divisions of time are proclaimed from the minarets.

Roland, the famous Girondist minister man of marked abilities and incorrup tible integrity, maraied the gifted and high-souled Jeanne Phillipon, a short time before the outbreak of the French Revolution. He was twenty-two years her senior. Her love for him, founded on his philosophic spirit and antique virtues, was so ardent and so faithful that she was often called "the Heloise of the nineteenth century." Their prin ciples, their hopes, their souls, their toils, and their sufferings, were alike insepara ble. They hailed the early efforts of the Revolutionists as the dawn of a golden age for mankind. Madame Roland shared in the studies of her husband. aided him in his compositions, and served as his sole secretary during his two ministries. No intrigue of his party was unknown to her, or uninfigence ed by her genius. Yet no falsehood or treochery debased, no meaness sulfied her. "She was the angel of the cause

she espoused, the soul of honor, and the onscience of all who embraced it." When Robespierre overthrew the Gi-rondists, Roland, with others of his parrondists, Roland, with others of his par-ty, saved their lives by flight to Bouen. His wife was soon sentenced to death by the infamous Fonquier Tinville. She rode to the guillothe clad in white, her glossy black hair hanging down to her girdle, and embraced her fate with divine courage and dignity. Hearing the direful news, Boland valend a few mile

All this was explained to me by a party of six or eight, who accompanied me to my room—which was in a building apartments to such of the students as preferred backelor's hall to regular boarding; and they took care to add several terrifying stories of ghosts and hobgobing to the way to your room?"

Tongue could not describe it!

At length, having adjusted the corpse of upon her through the night, and by sunrise the next morning she was reported to be in a fair way for recovery. When he asked her to have hiw. He was so might have been the same. And she ported to be in a fair way for recovery. When he asked her to have hiw. He was so far?" queried the Doctor with a quiet smile.

"Now, Marris, do you think you can find the way to your room?"

"I-I-do-do-don't know," I gasped, feelins, by way of calming my excited nerves, inst as I have sometimes observed old."

"She did: and turned out to be a most."

"She did: and turned out to be a most."

"One of the faculty,) who came and tend with Harry Hart would not be an unpleas and trip, and resolved to say "Yes" when he asked her to have hiw. He was so might have been the same. And she ported to be in a fair way for recovery.

"Now, what do you think of my story so far?" queried the Doctor with a quiet smile.

"Now, Marris, do you think you can find the way to your room?"

"I-I-do-do-don't know," I gasped, feelinally recover?"

"I-I-do-do-don't know," I gasped, feelinally recover?"

"She did: and turned out to be a most."

"She did: and turned out to be a most."

"She did: and turned out to be a most."

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"She did: and turned out to be a most."

"She did: and turned out to be a most."

"She did: and turned out to be a most."

"She did: and turned out to be a most."

"She did: and turned out to be a most."

"She did: and turned out to her; and her heart-ah! how soft that must live for me!"

In this case the rosy god lingered a itself of its fullness as fast as possible. Something must have happened out of knew this well enough; he also felt the usual order of things to occasion.

ouple about unseen, and envy Harry him for something. Harry collared him for something. Harry collared him "Sir," cried Caleb, "Mr. Hart, I de prudently refrained from saying any clare! How d'ye do?" Hart from his very soul. As for Harry, be prudently refrained from saying anything to commit himself; made love in such a way as might be understood and not repeated; and finally, resolving after all, Dina was not rich enough for with his thumb, as Harry thought to him, flitted away from the Tulipgrove, wards the churchyard.

she might have told him that she hated him, and had that reflection to comfort

Harry had, meanwhile, disported him elf in society, and felt that he had escaped the country girl's meshes just in time. His cons ience accused him of having ill-used her, and he pictured her pining for him, with her hair in disorder, and no bright bows in it. He rather dreaded the morning papers lest he should read of her demise—even, perhaps, of her suicide; and he wished that it was possible for him not to make himself

charming to every woman he met.

"If I'd been such a fellow as Caleb Bloom, now," said Harry, looking into the glass, "why, I might have gone jog

So he put Dina's photograph away in hard, however, to forget some people. Her tace fitted before him too often for his peace. The notes of her voice re-turned to him like well-remembered music. Even while he courted Miss Guineagold, the heiress, he compared her with Dina, who would have nothing for her dowry. And when Miss Guinea gold refused him with seorn, after smilng on him and encouraging him several one months, he thought of the girl who had waited, as he knew, to hear him say and customs and rites of religion, in use "I love you," and who had never hear

He had not been in love with Mis-Guineagold, however. So he recovered from the blow of her rejection easily, and went courting in another direction This time Dina unconsciously revenged herself. His second flame was a widow olling in riches, and of a jealous turn of mind. She being an inmate of the same hotel at Brighton, saw him from the corridor one day, vigorously kissing a photograph which he afterwards hid in his deak. Being as unscrupulous as a jealous woman always is, she bribed a hambermaid to bring her the picture. It was Dina's. The widow boiled with

rage, cut her admirer dead. It was Harry's hope to marry a ric woman; but he felt conscious that he might find a prettier and younger one; and so nothing dismayed, he set forth upon his search for a wife, wishing with very new adventure, that Dina had that he could not afford to marry a poor inward, hourly communication

However, the rich ones were skittish, had other fancies, did not appreciate Mr. Harry Hart; either gave him no opportunity to ask a "Yes," or say a "No" outright; and five years after he jilted Dina he found himself still a bachelor his estimation of his own charms greatly lessened by his bad luck in the matri monial market, and the small competence which had been his own dwindling down to nothing.

Still, Dina haunted him-a pale, fader ision, with two clasped hands over a broken heart-and still he kissed her picture, and believed himself to have dored her, and to be the victim of cruel fate.

iary despair, however, that he was about to offer himself to the landlady of his lodging house, who otherwise would to her little bill, when a rich old us dying without other heirs, aved him from the sacrifice. He became the joy

grew! Love makes one so tender, that As he spoke he found himself approach-it seems hard that it will not stay with ing the church. It was a week day, but it was tall-or, rather it was emptying

influence of a "certain something" in such an event. A wedding or a funeral Dina, which made her not the sweetest only could fill Tulipgrove Church on a of all women; but he was not good looking, and had no: any power over the face flashed on him—Caleb Bloom's. He irl's heart.

Was struggling out of the crowd, dressed

His pleasing task was to follow the in his Sunday's best, and looking about

Harry staggered back. "Not dead !" he cried. "Dead !" cried Caleb. "Why, thankheaven, no. Here stre is. Dina, here's

Mr. Hart turned his heard. There she stood-Dina of old, only very plump ed courteously upon Harry, and smiled

after another sort upon Caleb.
"It's our second, Mr. Hart," she said, with matronly pride. "Our first was named Caleb. You'll see him in a moment coming with his grandma. This is Dina—his pa would have it so. A boy and a girl we have now. Wouldn't you like to hold her a mioute, Mr. Hista [] don't believe she'll cry. She's as good

as gold." But Mr. Hart declined the pleasure, and returned to town by the next train.

"Straining at a Goat."
Two noted Greek pirates were oned captured and condemned to death at Maita. It was observed that the best and anchovies among the stores of a cap-tured English ship had remained alone untouched. They were asked the cause of this singular procedure, and replied their church. They would not commit such a sin as tasting of fish or flesh They were plundering and murdering they would not grange on the course their church by a sting most upon a friang. They maked to their strict charge ance of these things as a merit, for which

God would grant them success in their ofamous work. A man came down the hills to a Son olitan priest to confess a sin which heavy upon his conscience. In the busy season of lent, while engaged in making cheese, some of the whey had falled up-on his lips, and, miserable stan that he

was, he had swallowed it. " Free my distressed conscience," he besought, "from its agonies by absolv ing me from gnilt." "Have you no other sins to

asked the priest. " No. I do not know that I have mitted any other.

"We often hear of robberies and mar ders committed in your mountains. Have you never been concerned in these?" "Yes, but all of us do these things We never account them as crimes no ing confession and adsolution."

We may smile at such a type of con scientiousness, but if we search strictly our own hearts may we not find the some similar "straining at a gnat," which with our greater light, is far more inex cusable? Are we not all tempted to think more of a strict ontward observbeen rich, and bemoaning his hard fate ance of our religious duties than a deep,

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